Volume IV Chicago, Ill., March, 1928 Number 12

The Liberal

RELIGION

"Religion is the vision of something which stands beyond, behind, and within, the passing flux of immediate things; something which is real, and yet waiting to be realized; something which is a remote possibility, and yet the greatest of present facts; something which gives meaning to all that passes, and yet eludes apprehension; something whose possession is the final good, and yet is beyond all reach; something which is the ultimate ideal, and the hopeless quest."

Prof. A. N. Whitehead,
Professor of Philosophy,
Harvard University.

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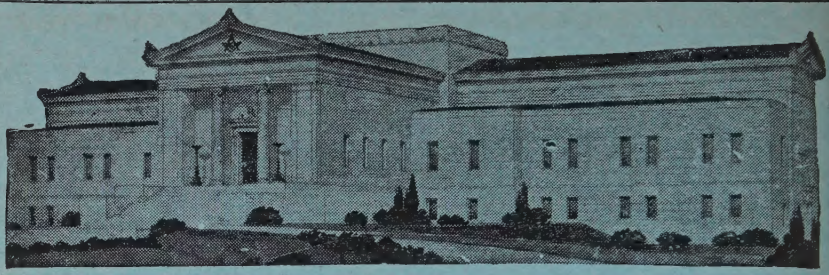

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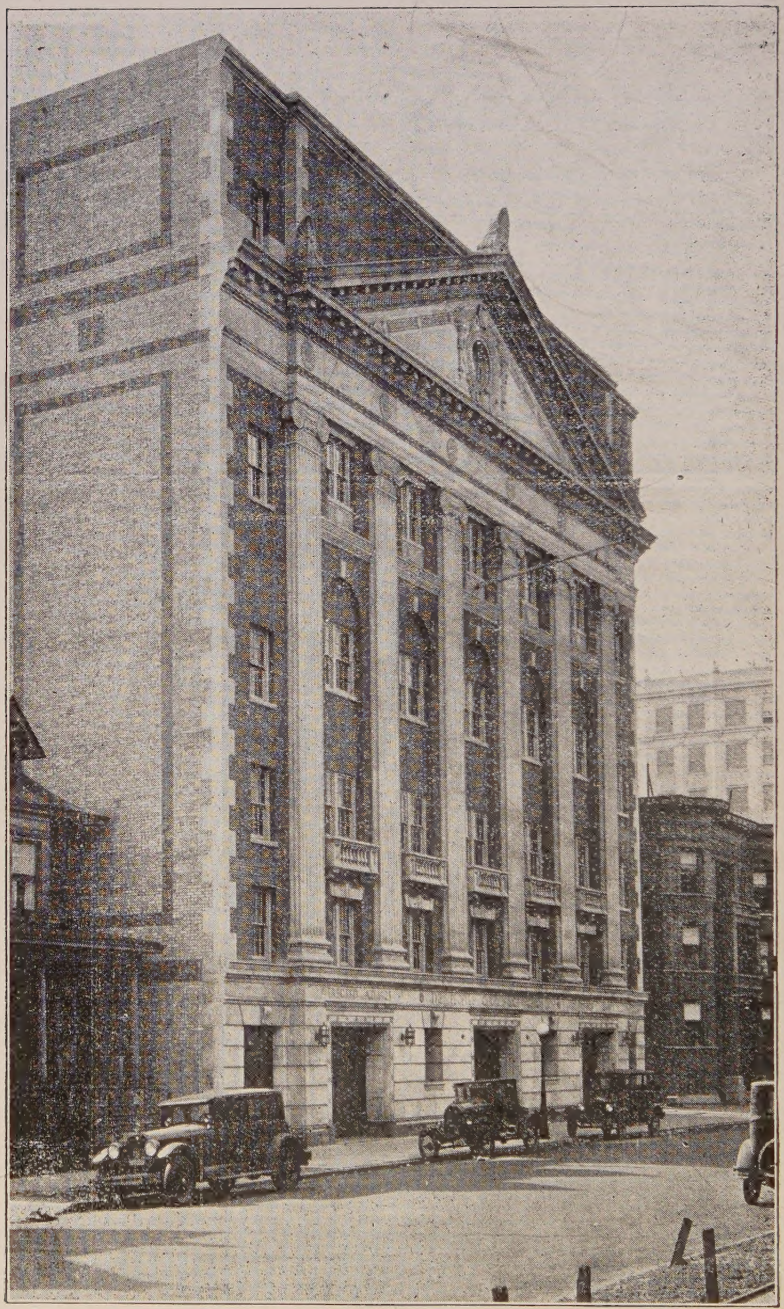

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

THE LIBERAL

Preston Bradley ..... Editor
Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor

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Volume IV Chicago, Ill., March, 1928 Number 12

"IS MAN A MACHINE?"

A Sermon Delivered by Dr. Bradley, Sunday, November 20th, Stenographically Reported

Approaching with a sense of mystery and of wonder, deeply conscious of our incapacity to penetrate into the realities of whatever there is, there is something about a moment like this that brings wonder to the heart and awe to the soul; we are conscious of a great companionship. When we look out on the universe about us and see the efforts which are being made in the mastery and discovery of law, when we look about us in the range of experience and see there the operations that man is undergoing for the purpose of molding a finer life and a more beautiful life, we are conscious of a comradeship with some great eternal purpose. We do not know how to make articulate what we mean by that purpose, we are helpless to make definite that which is our conception. In this moment, may the great company of us here and a greater company in the invisible audience feel that after all we are associated together in some great tremendous growth and development, and that we are all on the way evolving and changing, undergoing through experience vast changes to our inner selves; through it all there must be some ultimatum, though that is so far remote that our finiteness only makes us pause at the romance and the poetry and the beauty of life, and we ask that we might have a part as comrades in this far-off divine achievement; and every heart and every life that is sensing a moment of discouragement and despair because they feel that there is a broken relationship and that they are not in harmonic relationship with all of the forces of good, truth and beauty, might they find through the medium of this moment today the highway upon which they can walk, rediscovering those lost and precious moments when life was not lived at its best nor lived at its highest.

Help us all to recover today for our bodies and for our souls a knowledge of the way that leads to the highest and the best and the finest in life.

May we not be satisfied with anything less than that and may we realize that we have an inspirative purpose all about us everywhere assisting, leading, guiding into that achievement and into that realization.

May this be the thought that is upon our hearts today, here and everywhere, as we attempt to define life in terms of Beauty, of Goodness, and of Truth.

"Is Man a Machine?"

I have chosen for my subject this morning the question "Is Man a Machine?" because of a variety of reasons, not because I feel that what I choose to call a vitalistic or spiritualistic, in its best sense, interpretation of the universe is in jeopardy, but I do feel that probably for the first time in the whole history

of human thought, the finest scholarship, the very best intellects that civilization has produced are seriously and honestly trying to answer this question. The world is not divided into two great camps of approach upon this subject as definitely as most superficial observers seem to think. In fact, in my preparation for this address this morning I was surprised, almost with a sense of being overwhelmed with the undogmatic attitude on the part of both who are discussing and thinking of this problem. I had expected to find dogmatic utterances on the part of those who accept the mechanistic theory of the universe, just as I had expected to find heated discussions and dogmatic utterances on the part of those who accept this question upon the basis of its spiritual significance; I was surprised to discover that in the whole range of modern thinking from both points of view that their spirit of inquiry and of investigation takes precedent over all dogmatic utterances. (And that is a most hopeful sign to those who are trying to honestly analyze and discover and if possible to find out what this whole problem of life is. I found that some of those that I had anticipated to be the most vehement in their denunciation of reading into life any purpose, of speaking of life in terms of creative processes, I had expected those who thought of this matter primarily upon the basis of mechanism, to be absolutely unwilling to foster in their argumentation anything that approached what we might term a religious interpretation; and I was surprised to find on the part of some who entered the field of the religious interpretation of the creative faculties of life and the principles of evolvement through life to be susceptible to a more scientific statement of the questions involved.

Now then to the question itself, "Is man a machine?" There are so many approaches to this matter that I want to read for a moment one or two observations,—and I read because I want to be definite in my quotations,—of men who will command the respect of every thinking person and every mind informed upon this question. I don't propose to merely speak upon our own reactions upon the emotional basis. I do not want to enter into this discussion upon the basis of our purely emotional background, but to see if we can take from science and if we can take from ideality certain principles and certain factors and blend them together in the answer to this question. You remember in this very matter, even psychology itself, speaks to us of a certain consciousness which it refuses to call soul and which it refuses to call mind, it sometimes approaches almost the idea of Sir Oliver Lodge in his conception of the ether body, that is a personality which is intangible and cannot be seen by any of the processes of science or of the inventions of man, but the "something" which envelops that which is from a machine point of view, gives it motivation, personality and all the other things that are associated with the theory of vitality.

Now, psychologists such as the great father of modern psychology, goes so far as to say that when you have the mechanistic body, that is the physical expression, there is something that motivates it into consciousness and that he prefers to call consciousness itself. He will not call it mind, he will not call it soul, he only calls it consciousness. Modern psychology builds itself upon an effort to harmonize that consciousness with the physical relationships; that mechanical consciousness and a physical identity. In other words you know and I know that we cannot separate consciousness from matter and have an independent expression or operation of law in matter. We know that without consciousness we cannot think. It is absurd to even consider it. We know that we cannot retain per-

sonality. We know that the dead body is the deadest thing that it is possible for us to conceive; that when this body has passed through that stage whereby there is a broken relationship with the universe in which it operates, which is death; death is a breaking off of harmonic relationship with the universe in which we are expressing ourselves. Death is unavoidable when we are unable to maintain that relationship. That is the meaning of death; that is the significance of death; that is what happens at death. There may be no particular change in any of the mechanistic formations. The heart, everything about the body may retain its identity. And one of the marvels to me of the whole problem is to be found in the fact that the greatest miracle and mystery that I have been able to see in the universe is the co-ordination in our own body. The fact that those organs which are necessary to consciousness are so co-ordinated in their operation that they work in harmony together, each with a specific task to perform; and yet each co-ordinates into the larger ideal of the whole. That to me the co-ordination of the millions and millions of cells in my body, the five million brain cells alone, together with all of the other millions of cellular life which is a part of my body, and the ability by which that cellular life co-ordinates into one great unified expression which we call 'personality' is one of the great challenges that must ever be flung at those who interpret life purely in terms of its mechanistic or mechanical purposes.

Now in the realm of philosophy, why even in physics itself, we have a man like Lucien Poincare one of the leading scientists of France who says that "today the idea that all phenomena are capable of mechanical explanation is generally abandoned."

The German scientist Cassiver in modern physics, says that "in modern physics the mechanical view of the world has been more and more superseded by the dynamic view."

Le Bon, one of the founders of atomic physics writes, "In spite of the effort of thousands of workers, physiology has been able to tell us nothing of the nature of the force that produces the thinkers of life. They have no analogy with those that are studying physics."

Now among the biologists, the rejection of mechanism has become a common thing.

Pavlow, the great Russian originator of the studies of condition reflexes, and Driesch, the German embryologist, but I think most significant in this connection is Haldane, who is professor of physiological chemistry in the University of Oxford, when he makes this remark "The mechanistic theory" and I quote from Haldane, "—has broken down. It no longer helps us in our physiological research. It no longer helps us in our physiological research. I should as soon think of going back to the mechanical theory as I would of returning to the mythology of my Anglo-Saxon forefathers."

And it is still more significant, my friends, that Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, with all their hostility to the traditional theology, reject mechanism scornfully. Nietzsche said this—I am reading from Nietzsche "Is that world-interpretation alone right by which you maintain your position, by which investigation and work can go on scientifically in your sense?"

It gives us an approach to this study with the authority of some of the great contemporary minds who are discussing it.

Now what is a machine? That seems to be of paramount importance before any conclusion may be deducted. What is a machine? A machine is a creation of combinations for the purpose of transforming energy for the doing of specific work. I don't know whether that is the definition you would find in Century Dictionary

or in Webster's or not. I did not look it up.

Now this matter of a machine, it seems that a machine is first of all a creation. Well, now, we have something to start with, haven't we? A machine is a creation. Doesn't creation imply design? I never saw a machine that just happened. I never saw a machine that didn't have a specific thing for performance or no one would be interested in making it, would they? Why would you waste time in making a machine that had nothing specific to perform? Just simply to make a nice pretty machine? There would not be much reason to that, would there?

First of all, a machine implies, the very existence of a machine implies that there is a purpose involved. In other words, that this desk or a machine or this microphone or anything that we have was specifically involved in the philosophy of causation. That is the point which I want to make. In other words, that while it is quite true that we are all victims of a mere sort of accidental destiny perhaps in the formation of personalities, as I told a group last Sunday afternoon downtown, we have no element of choice entering whatsoever into the identity of our personalities. We cannot choose color, we cannot choose name, we cannot choose place of birth. In a very true sense we are but the accidents of something that you might call blind destiny, but immediately after that relationship has been established on the part of us with the universe in which we live, there is predicated to our existence a purpose, there is something specific involved in the responsibility of our relationship.

What is the beginning of all tragedy? The moment an individual comes to the point of their philosophical evolvement where they say "I have no meaning to the universe. There is nothing for me to live for. I have made a moral wreck of my life, a physical wreck of it." That moment, when that comes to an individual that moment is the danger line of the life; the moment they feel a disharmony and the breaking of the responsibility of human relationship, just that moment does decay and disaster come into the life. In other words, the machine, if you please to call it in its purely mechanical sense, break down, and the purpose of the machine, which in this case is the human machine, is no longer emphasized in the procedure of life, and because the purpose is no longer emphasized in that development of life, disaster comes. For the moment your life loses the sense of direction that moment does disaster come. The moment you lose the sense of direction, the sense of objective, the ultimate purpose for your existence as an individual, the moment that becomes obscure, you have no reason for life, the moment you become a leaf that just flutters down from the tree of creation upon the river and then never fighting against the tides, but floating through upon the bosom of life down on to the stream of the ocean of eternity without sense of direction or capacity of will guidance, then your life becomes a meaningless thing. The motivation for you to assume a life of responsibility and of strength in the society in which you find yourself is gone. And for the life of me, if I were to accept the theory that man is only a machine I would be compelled to throw overboard the directing forces that make man conscious of a purpose in his existence. The machine itself has no consciousness. And there are machines that will be set in motion and will perform their task. But what happens when they break down? Did you ever see a machine that would prepare itself? I never saw a machine that was capable of repairing itself. When the break-down of a machine takes place, there must be brought to that machine a sense of values. Something is wrong.

And no machine has ever yet possessed the capacity to repair itself except the machine of the human body. And that is what lifts this machine away from the mechanistic theory that pertains to your social or industrial sciences. If we could discover in the mechanistic interpretation of the universe a capacity of that universe to re-create itself—Now there are scientists here this morning who will check me just here and say "What is the origin of Life?" Beginning with the amoeba, which is a one-cell life, which is the only one-cell in the evolvement of life processes until man arrives with his millions and millions and millions of cells. And the scientist will say to me this: "Well, Dr. Bradley, what about the fact that inorganic matter is turned into organic matter through the chemistry of plant life and through all this other relationship that exists in the development and the building of a machine." I grant all that, just as I grant up to a certain point the fact that we are all victims of certain inherited predispositions, for you cannot discuss this subject without introducing the idea of behaviorism. Now what is "behaviorism"? Behaviorism as we know it today, and I think we know very little of the psychological background of human life. You know, I believe the time is just beginning when the whole range of the undiscovered and unknown territories of the psychical forces of life will be opened up for our consideration. We know today very little about this whole matter. The psychological field of exploration which will be the specific task of the scientists for the next two or three hundred years will open up a book of such revalutory values that the things that we think we know today will seem insignificant and even unimportant,—this whole question of personality, this whole psychological background of the human spirit, this whole problem of consciousness, of motivation, this whole question of behavior.

We have two very separate and distinct schools today, one is the behavioristic school, which after a study of our abnormal and normal reactions says our whole moral destiny is determined by the pressure of a nerve or the twist of a nerve upon the brain, or some taint in the blood, or something that is handed down to us through the years that have passed. I know there are sick souls in the world and so do you; and I know there are bodies in the world that are laboring under the tremendous handicaps that have been handed down to them through inheritance for which they are not responsible and never ought to be condemned. I know that there are battlefields in human life today that were determined not by the will of the one who must be the warrior, but that individual becomes the recipient of an accumulation of forces that have poured themselves into his veins and arteries and become a part of his very physical life and structure, and we find him going down under the pressure of society and of life a tragic and sad spectacle. I know that. I know that the most of us are warriors in the field of life. I know and so do certain scientists here this morning that you can go in the operating room and take a man whose whole moral nature is twisted, and by the surgeon's knife restore him to moral sanity. I am perfectly aware of the relationship that exists here in this great problem. But my point is, I am not content to leave it there; I am not content to stop there, for there are all too many of us whose cases are not advanced nor sufficiently rinened in that same channel but that the introduction of goodness and truth and beauty into our lives will take care of ourselves, and that the extreme cases which flood the courts and flood the social laboratories and flood the surgeon's rooms are cases of such extremes that there has been a demoralization of will, and, of course, into this subject

as always we must introduce that question of the freedom of the will. I cannot be dogmatic upon that question. My friend, Mr. Darrow says there is no such thing as freedom of will. There is no such thing as freedom of will; that we are simply the victims of some great accumulation of debris that has poured itself into our personality, and that you and I have no will by which we can direct the course, and chart our own lives. It is the gospel of fatalism. I am not so sure that Mr. Darrow would go that far, and yet from what I can understand in my conversations with him and what I have read concerning him, I am sure that he would,—"There is no such thing as free will;" that I haven't any power whatsoever to direct my life; that whatever happens to me happens because I am the ultimate expression of influences over which I have no control. Well, all this, of course, should be very interesting if we were to eliminate any thought of growth.

Have you ever seen a machine that would grow? I have never seen a machine that had capacity of changing one single atom of its structure in any period of its existence. A machine that was built today one year from today would still be the same machine, making allowances for usages against it, but it would not grow. That is where man is different.

I will not accept any other theory than the philosophy of growth. I am never two moments the same. We are told that every seven years every atom in your eye is a different atom; everything in your body has changed in seven years on a purely physical basis. Everything.

And to those who admit that man is a machine and that this is a mechanical mechanistic universe, that we are simply victims of certain forces in operation in the development or whatever they choose to call it, I would like to have someone explain to me how it is, with every atom in my body—(that means every cell,) changing every seven years, complete physically, new physical identity, new heart, new liver, new lungs, complete re-vamping of our whole physical personalities every seven years a different body, I would like to have some one explain to me the great mystery of transference of thought and mental impression; I would like to have some scientist explain to me how the memories, the earliest recollections of my childhood, for instance, those little buried things that our Freudian psychologists may call "hidden impressions" that at certain intervals and at unexpected times will flash into my mind and I will remember things that I had forgotten for thirty-five years, and in that period the body has changed five times its physical relationships; I would like to have the mechanistic atheist who does not see in the unities of life the expression of a great urge, an ideal, which I call God,—I would have them explain to me the transference into those cells of mental impressions. You can't weigh them; you can't see them. There is no standard of physics whereby they can be determined in structure. You never saw them. You never saw an ideal; you never saw love; you never saw memory. These processes belong in the Beyond of the physical, in the realm of spiritual Reality!

Right away some of our scientists and some of our mechanistic theorists who may be here this morning will say, "But Dr. Bradley, that is a religious interpretation." Well, what of it? I admit it, I admit that it is the religious interpretation because I can see through every single physical mechanistic law upon which the units of my spirit and body maintain themselves to give personality to me, my individual ego, I can see in it all the great marks of a great Intelligence, for I never yet have been able to conceive a machine without a machinist: I have been able to segregate life away from its processes

to the extent that it can be divorced from Source, and that the relationship of these Sources will pertain all through the whole structure.

If your life is just a machine, if you admit yourself that you are the victim of inheritance, that you are the victim of some pressure here, that you are but the victim of circumstances or what some ancestor has done, if you feel the only motivation and directing influence of your life has been predetermined, you would have the greatest thrill of your existence if you would look the whole thing in the face and say "Well, if it is so, I am going to rebel against it." If intellectually you are satisfied this morning, young man, that you are the victim of the past, a mere machine, and that everything is going to happen to you and you have no control of the happening; that everything that is going to happen to me is just going to happen, and I have no control over it—do you know what that is? That is the most vicious theology in the world. That is Calvinism. Calvinism is the most vicious theology the world has ever known. It was the theory of predestination, fatalism. Some of the scientists that accept the "behavioristic theory" are the biggest Calvinists that I know of. When you accept thoroughly in your whole scientific realm the idea of predestination and foreordination, you are a Calvinist. I am not a Calvinist!

If I knew as an actual fact that fate and destiny were out of my hands as regards my own expression of relationship to them, there is something in me that would throw my shoulders back and I would raise my chin and I would look at that black thing called "destiny" and I would say "Well, I am helpless and impotent, they say, but I am going to fight you." There is something in me that would say that. And I am not so sure but that there is something in most everybody that would say that. Please bear in mind that I gave scientific recognition to the disasters of those who are unable to overcome certain repressions and certain psychological reactions in their make-up. I recognize that, but with the most of us we are just sort of what we are. We are not bad enough at any rate to be in jail yet, and we are not good enough at any rate to be in heaven yet. We are just what we are!

And consequently to simply say "Well, I am a machine." The range and possibilities to me are unlimited. A machine! Take that little matter of reproduction. I never saw a machine that could reproduce. That is what Will Durant spoke about. And what about this little business of healing of our own bodies. Nature's way is always the way of perfect harmony. And the first thing that nature does when there is disease is to start in the business of helping us to get well. All science does is to assist nature. That is all. Most of us get panicky and depend upon mechanistic things in the treatment of disease with the result that we sometimes impede nature instead of helping her. Most of us have within ourselves the capacity of being the great physician if we would only discover it, but we get panicky and we get a little hysteric and our machines fail to work in harmony and the machinist, which is our own soul identity, is the one that ought to be first up at the top of repairing and reconstructing. You have that power within yourself because it is the process of nature. The moment I get my hand a little scratched, as I did last evening, a little bit here (indicating),what happened? I thought that I would have to wear a plaster on it this morning; being naturally a modest fellow, I am somewhat sensitive, I didn't like the idea, but what happened? The blood coagulated during the night and the thing healed up. There is no evidence of it now. I didn't do it; nature did it. Man

is the only "machine" in the realm of mechanics by which that is true!

When I was a little boy at home I used to blow the bellows for my father at the blacksmith shop. So many here don't know what that is, principally the young people today. That doesn't mean anything to you. You don't know. But I used to stand in the blacksmith shop and blow the bellows for him. Sometimes the thing would get old somewhere and the harder I would blow the less pressure would there be on the fire. Now that thing never repaired itself. Father and I had to go to the leather shop and get glue and repair the bellows.

That is not true of man. Not true of man at all. Man is not that kind of a machine.

And then there is a jump to the other and final and last word, into the realm which to me is the most authentic of all. Now first let me say this: In one sense I know that I am a machine. That is all I am. I am just a machine. My heart does certain things; my hands do certain things; my tongue does certain things; my eyes do certain things; my ears. That is all a machine. I know that and so do you. In that sense man is a machine. But let us go a little further. The life process evolving from the one cell through mechanical laws, but laws vitalized by Purpose. Please do not eliminate that thought from your thinking about this matter. What good is law without purpose? In fact we are told that necessity is the invention of law. Purpose. Vitalized by a purpose, struggling through and on.

I see him in that moment when he is just beginning to become conscious of the universe and his relationship to crooked sticks and stones; I see his arms growing longer; he seeks the protection of his mate, and I see him standing there and I see his arms shortening; and again in the process of years I see him in the atmosphere of a home; I see this whole struggle of man. I can visualize it like one great panorama of existence on from the first cell to what? The brain of Shakespeare, the brain of Homer, the brain of Dante, the genius of Michael Angelo, the brain of Socrates and Plato.

What do I read in it all? I read in it man's never and never ending quest to find himself in the exalted relationship of the superlative; I find man's quest to beat back the clouds of the universe and look into the face of Reality. I see man's brain capable of all this, and I see it for only one purpose, man's effort to dignify, to beautify and idealize the universe in which he must express himself and all the time creating a larger universe for those who must follow him.

That introduces into the entire matter the question of altruism as well as the question of esthetics. And what a glorious quest, is'nt it? Isn't it just glorious to be alive?

You folks, I think really you are deceiving yourself with this "behaviorism" and "mechanistic theory." I don't see how you can get any real thrill out of the thing; I don't see how you can get any soul expression. I know that word "soul" is tabooed with you, but I haven't discarded it yet. You know about consciousness. That is about the silliest thing in the world. I like to speculate into the realm of that which is not quite so obvious. I call the soul the ensemble of the personality.

So I don't know how you have any great delight with life. In fact, I recall some of the most behavioristic and mechanistic folks are sometimes the sourest; they are just sort of sour, not sweet, and they say to me "Oh, well, it is all right to romance, it is all right to be idealistic; it is all right to be emotional, but we are scientific." Now, then, are you? And their refuge is the refuge of science.

Why, this whole business of life to me is a great adventure, and I love it. There are moments

in it when I am tremendously saddened and weakened and sorrowful; moments when I would rather be out of it, but it is a great and glorious privilege to live!

Until you can go into a printing office and pick up a handful of type—I am speaking from experience now. When I was a boy I was a devil, a "printer's devil," in the printer's shop. (The devil I have never outgrown). I used to work in a printer's office where we would get out a little newspaper twice every week when I was going through High School. It is a great experience to be a printer's devil in a printer's office, and the most glorious experience of it all is that you learn a lot of things that are worth while.

Well, I worked in the printing office and I used to sit there and set type. Two years ago when I was home, I gave the graduating address for our High School, the little High School that I graduated from, and the printer gave me the "stick" and the rule that I had set type with and worked with. He gave it to me and it is in my study in my home, one of my prized possessions!

I used to sit there and set type. Well, some day I suppose some mechanism may come up and pick up a handful of type and throw it on a printer's desk and have a Hamlet; sometime I suppose a man will walk into a studio and just scrape a handful of paint off from the pallet of the artist and throw it at the canvas, and have, O, say—Whistler's "Mother."

Sometime, I suppose, sometime, but I am afraid it will be a long time, for consciousness and intelligence, of course, idealism, expression, creativeness is not a part of machinery: that is a part of man; that is man, and you and I are a part of the universe, a part of all law, a part of all this expression.

Rise up, you cripples, tired and weak bodies, and disillusioned people of life, who have lost your grip on eternal values, and who think it is all a jest and plaything, rise up, assert the dignity of yourself, refuse to say that you are a part of a machine, refuse to acknowledge that you are a part of the factory; rise up, and in the glory of your rising you will sense a thrill that comes from honoring God by not dishonoring yourself. Stand in the strength where you have been made free. No matter what blood and inheritance and ancestors have done to you, fight them! Fight them! You know the cause of your nature, fight it! You are the best analysist of your own self, and you are the ones who look at the mirror of your own hearts; you know more about yourself than anybody else. You can look in your own hearts and see there the reason for your own failures! Why cry and cry and lay it on society or lay it on law or lay it on ancestors. Get a grip on idealism!

A few weeks ago Mrs. Bradley and I sat on the deck of the steamer just about to enter port, off Liverpool. All at once our steamer came to a stop. I walked out, to the deck rail and I asked an engineer standing there, "What are we stopping here for?" It looked like perfectly good water to me. I could not see a thing the matter. A little pilot steamer was on our right, and there wasn't a thing out of order. He said "Why, we are waiting for the tide. We cannot go into the Mersey River until we are informed that the tide at Liverpool is at a certain height; and if we ventured now into the Mersey River we would be stranded upon the banks of sand." I stood and looked at the ship, and I looked at the water. It looked like 100 fathoms of good sea water, but they were waiting for the tide.

Let us not be deceived, my friends, by appearances!

"How do you know you must wait for the tide?" I said "What do you do out here in the event of a gale?" He said "Our anchor would be out there." I said

"Suppose the gale would pull the anchor and your anchor wouldn't hold?" Then he turned to me as much as to say "What does this Yankee land lover know about the sea?" And I admit I didn't know much about the sea, but I love ships and water. He said "If our anchor didn't hold, what would we do? We would put on full steam and go out into the storm."

Does your anchor in life hold? If it is not holding today, put your life under full steam and go out into the storm!

Four Years Old

With this issue The Liberal completes four years of life. It has been issued every month (with one exception) during this period. For a four year old youngster our little unpretentious church magazine is in a very flourishing condition. Over fifteen hundred copies are printed every month and these are all taken by our subscription list and the number sold at the Sunday services.

The magazine is published without cost to the church. The editors gladly give their services as a part of their duties. The magazine is made possible by the advertisers. Readers and subscribers can help us if they would mention The Liberal when making purchases of our advertisers. Co-operation of this sort helps all the way around. The Liberal has value as an advertising medium beyond the usual church paper as we have a subscription list and every copy is paid for. We make no free distribution. Because of our large radio list the magazine is going into several states and is also sent regularly to Canada, England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Germany, Australia and Czechoslovakia. Many of our church friends send it to their relatives and friends scattered all over the world.

We are anxious to increase our subscriptions. For one dollar and twenty-five cents a copy will be mailed to any address, anywhere, every month for twelve months. Each number will contain a sermon by the pastor which has been delivered in the church. There will always be articles of interest to the student of religion. The activities of the church will receive recognition. Mrs. Bradley hopes to be able by April or May to resume her articles which have always been so enthusiastically received. By subscribing to The Liberal you are directly assisting the church in its financial problems.

It is desirous that friends subscribe rather than buy the issues in the church. During the time the church is closed only enough copies will be printed to meet the subscription list. By subscribing one is able to keep in touch with the life of the church twelve months in the year.

The editors are deeply grateful for the patience of the subscribers because of the irregularity of publication. If you will glance at the calendar of the pastor published elsewhere in this issue you will discover one of the reasons. This together with the illness of Mrs. Bradley since December 8 accounts for the condition. However, a copy has been prepared and published sometime during every month. We hope to be more regular in the future. Copy will be in the printer's hands by the first of every month and the magazine will be in the mails by the 10th of the current month.

Mrs. Thomas Harrison, Care The Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago, is the subscription manager. All new subscriptions and renewals should be sent direct to her.

We deeply appreciate the kindly manner in which our efforts have been received during the past four years. Necessarily the articles have been hurriedly written and the mistakes have been many. You have been charitable in your judgments. We love our little paper—with all its faults—we love it.

Preston and Grace Bradley.

THE RADIO MAIL BAG

It is difficult to choose from the many splendid letters that come to us, just which letters or extracts from various letters will hold the most interest for readers of The Liberal. This month the choice was an easy one. I believe friends of The Liberal will be quite as interested as we were to hear how certain copies of The Liberal changed hands several times and finally ended in the dignified atmosphere of a college library! The correspondence from Mr. C. L. Ackerman of Joliet, Ill., follows:

Joliet, Illinois. February 6, 1928.
Dear Dr. Bradley:

I am enclosing herewith a letter which contains a part which will be interesting to you, to know that some of the pamphlets containing your printed sermons have reached interested hands and finally located in the library of a Montana college. I will endeavor in my letter to state briefly a few things so that you will understand the entire letter I am sending to you.

The Mr. Rack who is mentioned in the letter is a young man who is now studying to be a priest at St. Benedict's College. I met him while we were both in the A. E. F. army in France, Mr. Rack coming from Rahway, New Jersey. I had not heard from him for several years until last summer. Mr. John Petric, the writer of the letter, an Austrian who fought on the opposite side in the World War, has been a resident of Joliet for a few years and is also a student at St. Benedict's College. These two men met at the college and when Mr. Rack learned that Mr. Petric was from Joliet he inquired if he knew me. He told him that he did not but would be glad to look me up on his first visit home. This he did last summer and he brought with him a note to me from Mr. Rack. Mr. Petric also makes reference in his letter to a Mr. Raus Mitt Kraus. Raus Mitt Kraus was a comic dutch song which Mr. Rack sang and which I played for him in our divisional show in France.

Last New Year's Mr. Petric made another visit to his home in Joliet and made another call to see us. During a religious conversation we brought up the name of Dr. Preston Bradley and told him how we listened every Sunday to your sermons and how we were impressed with your doctrines. On telling him very many things about you he became much interested and on departing we showed him some of your printed sermons, which he wanted to take with him for the purpose of discussion and study at his college and it is these printed pamphlets which he refers to in his letter. We gave them to him with the request that they be returned as a number of our friends wanted to read them. Among these pamphlets was one containing your sermon on the country of Czecho-Slovakia.

You will now be able to determine from Mr. Petric's letter what the pamphlets were, how they have exchanged hands and finally reached the library of a Montana college.

(I have written Mr. Petric not to worry about the magazines, that I have sent for duplicate copies).

Even though we can not get the pamphlets back we are all very much pleased to learn that they are doing good in an educational way, and thought too that you would be very much interested to know about this.

Assuring you of our deep appreciation of your sermons each Sunday and wishing you and your Church success, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
C. L. Ackerman.

St. Benedict's College
Atchison, Kansas
February 3, 1928.

Mrs. Clyde Ackerman,
Joliet, Illinois.
My dear Mrs Ackerman:

Excuse me that I am so late

with my letter. I wish to write you before and let you know how we stand here after the Christmas vacation, I and Mr. "Raus mitt Kraus," but we were very busy till this time because the first of February we start a new semester.

I received the letter from Mr. Clyde. I am very sorry about the pamphlets that I have not on my hand now, and maybe I'll never get them back again. I let you know how they escaped from my hands. When I was on the train going back I met a student of St. John's University, Collegeville, Minn., I read the pamphlets and also gave them to him to read. When he saw that article from Czecho-Slovakia he was almost frantic, because he comes from that country. He asked me for them. I told him that they were not mine, but I trusted him, as you trusted me and they were gone with him. I wrote to him for pamphlets, he answered me that they are in the fourth hands already and he is sorry that he could not send them back because those pamphlets are in some college in Montana in College library for purpose of good English. He wrote me that he will try once more to get them back, if not please send him a bill and he will willingly pay for them. Therefore I beg you that you send me a few words and also how much the pamphlets cost, I know that if you ordered some they will cost more, so if I get them back I will gladly furnish them, if not he will send money. Hope that you will excuse me.

Sincerely yours,
John L. Petric.

IN MEMORIAM

(Abstract of address at the funeral of the Rev. Hawley by Curtis W. Reese).

The Rev. Fred V. Hawley was born in Bath, Mich., November 2nd, 1862. He was married to Miss Mary Washburn, August 3rd, 1891; to which union two daughters were born, Florence and Pearl. He passed away Nov. 15th, 1927. He is survived by his wife and daughters and a host of others who cherish his memory.

Of the many attitudes toward death the most common are, on the one hand an unreasonable fear and on the other as equally unreasonable glory of anticipation. It was once remarked by Lord Bacon that "most of the doctrines of the philosophers are more fearful and cautionary than the nature of things require. So have they increased the fear of death in offering to cure it. For when they would have a man's whole life to be but a discipline or preparation to die, they must needs make men think that it is a terrible enemy, against whom there is no end of preparing."

The other attitude is best expressed by Walt Whitman in Leaves of Grass, where he speaks endearingly. "Come lovely and soothing Death, Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later delicate Death.
Praise, O praise and praise.
For the sure enwinding arms of cool enfolding Death."

But a third attitude, not so common, but held by our departed friend, is better expressed by Marcus Aurelius when he said "Do not despise death, but be well content with it, since this too is one of those things that nature wills—This then is consistent with the character of a reflecting man, to be neither careless nor impatient nor contemptuous with respect to death, but to wait for it as one of the processes of nature."

But in my judgement Mr. Hawley would not will that we should dwell unduly upon the fact of death viewed from any angle. Rather would he have us renew our interest in life. There are of course sad aspects to the parting, but in a way this was a time when our friend could leave his loved ones and associates with the happiest sort of recollections. The last had been one of the most fruitful of his many years of

faithful service. He was happier over the results of his work than formerly. Ripe friendships and loyal associations were at their height. The long hard pull in the reestablishment of Unity Church in new surroundings was over. The Unitarians and others of Chicago had not long ago celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his pastorate. He was hailed as senior director of the Western Conference, and by common consent styled the unofficial bishop of Western Unitarianism. He was at the peak of his career. If death must come, even if it come early in the late afternoon of life, he is fortunate who greets it in the full glory of well-earned recognition.

Fred V. Hawley was endowed with the spirit of great adventure. Upon leaving his first church in Brooklyn, Mich., in 1891, as I have heard him say more than once, he went out like Abraham not knowing whither. But in Brooklyn, and later in Jackson, kindred souls met him, and till this day the audiences that responded to his call are golden memories in the life of liberal religion in both communities. To the Unitarians of Louisville, who inquired if he would come in response to their call, he said "If you can put up with a fellow like me, I will come. But if you find that I am darkening the way for you or your children; and if I find that you hamper my freedom, our relations will end." This, he said, was the only contract he had when he fared forth to that Southern city. As the secretary of the Western Conference he was a prophet of new and uncharted lands of the spirit, daring to go beyond the convictions of most of his brethren. Unity Church called him to a difficult, almost impossible situation. Robert Collyer had gone to New York. Through several brief pastorates Unity had declined. The old church was sold. The future was questionable. But his courage did not fail. It is not, however, primarily of such things that I am thinking. He was venturesome in the realm of the spirit. He feared no truth however new. He assumed that old ways would pass and he hailed the new with gladness. He detested heresy hunting. He believed that all ships that sail the seas of life would probably come home to port. But if they sank, it was the part of a craft of the spirit to go down with the flag flying at the mast. Life, death, eternity, were to him sources of material for the experiments of the spirit of man.

Mr. Hawley had the capacity for close friendship. You who labored with him these many years know how great was that capacity. His soul opened wide to receive the confidences of his friends; friends! yes, but also of every person who came his way. To sorrow he listened earnestly. To the challenge of persons burdened with the weight of great reforms he listened. To the pleas for forlorn causes he listened. And more than listened, he **felt** with those who came to him. I have heard his fellow ministers say that in the hour of great indecision or great sorrow they could tell Hawley all about it. It is a **rare soul** that inspires such confidence, and it is a **strong soul** that can bear up under the weight of many close and full and free friendships. This leads easily to the consideration of another fortunate trait.

Fred V. Hawley had the **feel** for things unifying, inclusive, universal. Even the attenuated denominationalism of our Unitarian movement irked him. He loved the things that unite. While respecting differences he cherished agreements and always fostered fellowship. To movements that widened the reaches of the spirit he made instant response. He liked the old Free Religious Association, founded by Emerson and others. He sympathized with the Secularist Union, promoted originally by Ingersoll and his associates, in its efforts to delete the line that marked off the holy from the secular. He gave allegiance to the National Federa-

tion of Religious Liberals, although he preferred that it leave off the terms "national" and "liberal," and read simply Federation of Religion. And when last year the World Unity Conference came along he naturally and inevitably entered into its hopes. Leagues, fellowships, associations, conferences, and all movements that aimed to improve human relationships found him sympathetic. Racial and national and sectarian bigotry was foreign to him. He believed mightily in human brotherhood and world wide co-operation. He stood for these when to do otherwise—even to keep silent—would have meant temporary advantages. His circle of human kindness included all races, all nations, and all religions. At a time like this in the life of the world, we can ill afford to lose one of such spirit. Yet in the memory of his breadth of understanding and sympathy, we may gain courage and strength.

Mr. Hawley had a splendid passion for freedom. He could not bear the thought of chains. Their rattle stirred him to the depth. Whether forged by state, or church, or custom chains were not for him, nor would he have any part in placing them on the limbs of others. The mind must be free. The soul must not be bound. There must be outlets for the spirit. To this end every person and every institution should lend itself. He made no compromises here. Freedom must be served. He thought freedom, he preached freedom, he prayed freedom.

But our friend would not have me dwell too long on these matters, nor would he want me to use superlatives to excess. He was human as are we all. He knew the trials and the sorrows that fall to the lot of man. But under all circumstances his spirit was unbowed.

While we dwell in the shadows of the valley of death may we remember the sunshine of the heights of life. May our sojourn in the valley equip us for the journey up the steeps. To this end may the words of our mouth and the meditations of our heart be consecrated, Amen.

BOOK CHATS

Evidently some of the publishers appreciate what I say about their book offerings for nearly every month they send me books for review. I appreciate this for it saves me from having to buy more than one book that I really want to go into my library. However, I try to determine the value of a book by its merit alone. If they send me what I think is a bad book I say so as quickly as though I had gone out and purchased the book in a shop. Otherwise my comments would have no value. Judging a book is a very ethical matter. Knowing the author, or having the book sent as a gift or any other condition which would create an obligation must never enter into a criticism. The book stands or falls on its own merit. Another matter that I feel very deeply concerning is knowing the book by reading it before praising or deriding it. I have heard on one or two occasions some very well known book reviewers remark that they frequently wrote a book criticism from the preface and the table of contents. That settled it with me. I never read another review they published. I am glad that this is not the general practice of reviewers. Most of the literary editors of our magazines and newspapers have a large staff of reviewers. The books are sent out to these reviewers with the result that honest and careful criticisms are obtained. They select the reviewers and send to them the books which are in harmony with their particular interests. A book on engineering doesn't go to a minister and a work on theology is not sent to

one interested in gardening. Although the latter might not be a bad idea. I do not think I would choose to be a professional reviewer or critic. It seems to me there is a sense of compulsion in reading which is repugnant to me. I am attracted to a book by its subject and author. If it is beautiful in format the joy is increased. I can rarely get anything out of a book if it is read from a feeling of duty. When some one tells me that I ought to read such and such a book I rarely ever do. If they were to tell me that I would love such and such a book they invariably send me post haste after the book.

I like little books. They have a personality denied large books. I suppose it is because they are so intimate. Little books that slip easily into one's coat pocket are a delight to me. The success of various libraries of the better books which many publishers are offering seems to affirm that I am not alone in liking little ones.

The other day The Century Company sent me a little book which has already travelled with me over two thousand miles. It is irresistible. The book is called, "They Believe—A Symposium." Is the world worth saving? Has Man an Immortal Soul? Is Religion synonymous with the church? Most people ask themselves such questions as these. Some turn in their perplexity to a church or priest or rabbi for explanation; others turn to experience and their own souls for an answer. These last, in their independence, are typical of this age of inquiry. But even they need help in their search. And what can be of greater interest and encouragement to them than the "Confession of faith" of able men and women who have fearlessly faced their own questionings and successfully struggled to make the still small voice of the spirit speak. Ten such "confessions" are included in this volume—ten short essays by persons of importance in various fields of achievement. The ten people who have written are Otis Skinner, Herbert Adams Gibbons, Charles G. Norris, Inez Haynes Irwin, Alexander Black, Ida M. Tarbell, Yusuke Tsurumi, William Allen White, Will Irwin and Thomas A. Edison. The book is invaluable to all who are making the quest and—it's only a dollar and twenty-five cents.

—P. B.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

LAWRENCE AVE., Near Sheridan Rd.

Sundays—10:45 A. M.

Affiliated with: American Unitarian Association, Boston; Western Unitarian Conference, Chicago; National Federation of Religious Liberals, Chicago.

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REGULAR EVENTS

School of Religious Education—Sundays, 9:30 a. m., Channing Hall.

Woman's Club—Every Monday.

Men's Forum—Second Monday evenings, Channing Hall.

Young People's Club—1st and 3rd Tuesday evenings in Channing Hall.

Church Trustees Meeting—Second Monday evenings.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUB

The Club recently held its annual election of officers. The following were elected:

Howard E. Orr, President, 4738 Beacon St. Sunnyside 10205.

Theodore Meinhardt, Vice President, 2601 Windsor Ave. Keystone 1648.

Miss Karin M. Santy, Recording Secretary, 4852 Magnolia Ave. Ardmore 3072.

Miss Edna Gustafson, Cor. Secretary, 1322 Farwell Ave. Rogers Park 4433.

Herbert Bluhm, Treasurer, 6157 McClellan Ave. Kildare 0080.

Regular monthly meetings are held with growing interest with new members at every meeting. On the evening of March 6 Col. Forrest G. Mellum, secretary of the Nash Motors Co., Kenosha, Wisconsin, gave an address on "The Rehabilitation of the Disabled Civilian." A large audience of young people gathered to hear this address. All of the young people of the church and radio audience are invited to become members. Over 200 attended the Valentine's Party. The Club is planning some interesting evenings for the remainder of the year.

E. G.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

The two outstanding programs in the Educational Dept. for March occur on March 12 and 26. On the former date the Woman's Club will hold their annual Conservation program when Mrs. W. Hermsdorf will be chairman, the chief subject being "Conservation of Our Forests."

On March 26, Mrs. George B. Schulten will be chairman and the subject of the morning will be "A Club Woman's Idea of Community Service." The afternoon programs for March 5 and 19 are to be announced.

When we have turned the corner of March the Annual Meeting seems only a few steps ahead, —it will occur on April 16. It has been a wonderful year for the Woman's Club, (every year has been!) as each season draws to its close we feel it has been the best of all, and wonder how the next can quite equal it, how we can ever again accomplish so much—and—then—why—we just do! We work a little harder, climb a little higher, broaden our aims—and then set to work toward making our dreams come true! To work together for the highest good is the spirit which exists throughout the membership.

G. T. B.

THE FORUM

The Forum season is drawing to a close. It has been a most successful year with men and women of national and international reputation appearing every Sunday evening thru the winter. Sherwood Eddy, Maude Royden and Prof. Lasswell, have recently spoken. Frederic J. Libby of Washington, D. C. and Major Thornton Mills recently debated on a Peace or Defense program for the United States. Miss Royden drew an audience of 1500 people and gave a remarkable address. Dr. Du Bois is to speak in March. The single admission is fifty cents. The Forum meets in the church auditorium every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. The season closes the last Sunday in March.

—G. S.

LAYMEN'S LEAGUE

At the February meeting of the League 300 men heard Dr. Bradley discuss "Judge Lindsay and the Companionate Marriage." Several new members united with the League at this meeting. At the March meeting held on the evening of the fifth Mrs. Graham, one of Chicago's well known character analysts presented a very attractive lecture on her work. The League meetings are held once a month. A program of exceptional merit is always

given, followed by refreshments and a social hour. A very cordial invitation is extended to all the men of the church and radio audience to affiliate with the League. The meetings are held the first Monday evening in every month during the church year.

—G. P. B.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

Channing Hall was crowded to capacity Feb. 28 and 29 when the Uptown Players presented three one-act plays. "Rich Man, Poor Man," a farce in one act by Bertha Y. Burvill, under direction of Miss Beatrice Jordan.

A Cartoon in one act, "Cabbages," by Edward Staadt, also directed by Miss Jordan, and "The Monkey's Paw" termed a story in three scenes, by W. W. Jacobs, under direction of Mr. James H. Griffin.

All three were excellently presented and showed earnest work and artistic ability far above the usual non-professional groups.

The Uptown Players of The Peoples Church, Inc., are rapidly making a name for themselves, and are deserving of all the applause and congratulations showered upon them. Inasmuch as this month of March commemorates the 100th anniversary of the birth of Henrik Ibsen, the Uptown Players will present the Ibsen drama, "A Doll's House" under the direction of Mr. James H. Griffin, the latter part of the month, the date to be announced very soon in the Church Calendar.

THE SCHOOL OF RELIGION

Aims and Ideals

Our liberal School of Religion aims to provide the means by which its pupils can secure the basic materials of life as human beings experience them, and to help its pupils to interpret and synthesize this knowledge and these experiences into a helpful philosophy of life. Consequently, our School does not teach half-truths which will have to be unlearned later in life, but teaches in the spirit of freedom those larger aspects of truth which mankind has been able to discover thus far. To this end our School aims to help each pupil to get acquainted with the Universe in which he finds himself, to develop a stronger personality, to live in harmony with his fellows, and to foster a positive religious attitude toward life.

Modern Methods

The methods of teaching recommended by modern genetic psychology are employed by the faculty and officers in order that the results may be most fruitful. Among these psychological principles is the Project Method: "to learn through doing."

Well-Graded Classes

Early in the autumn the entire student body was carefully graded into classes. There are several well-graded classes in each of the following departments: Kindergarten, Primary, Junior, Junior High, Senior High, Adult. These classes have their own classrooms and equipment for their own classrooms and equipment for the class period, and are under the supervision of competent teachers.

Carefully Selected Courses

The text books used in the various courses have been selected from among the best published in all the fields of: Ethics, Nature Study, Bible Study, Religious History, and Biography. The text books now in use in the various classes are:

Course for Beginners in Religious Education, by Rankin.

Stories of Shepherd Life, by Lobingier.

Our Wonderful World, by Howe.

Heroic Life, by Vail.

Heroes of Israel, by Soares.

From Desert to Temple, by Whitman.

The Life of Jesus, by Gates.

Our Part in the World, by Cabot.

Right Living, series I, by Neuberg.

Jesus and the Problems of Life, by Weston.

Primary and Junior Church Services

In order that the Services of Worship may be meaningful, the Kindergarten and Primary classes have their own services together in an adjoining room; while the larger Junior Church Services are being conducted in Channing Hall. These include hymns, responsive sentences, a reading, prayer, story sermon, offering, and school pledge, and are systematically arranged. New hymnals with the modern point of view have been purchased, Social Hymns of Brotherhood and Aspiration.

Enroll Your Children and Yourselves Now!

You and your children, your friends and their children, are most cordially invited to enroll as members of our thoroughly modern School of Religion; which meets promptly at 9:30 every Sunday morning!

—Melvyn H. Welke,
Director of Religious Education.

CHURCH NEWS

Dr. Bradley announces the following series of sermons for the Lenten season under the general title of "A Religion for Today",

March 4, A Religion Without Fear.

March 11, A Religion Without Revelation.

March 18, A Religion Without Hate.

March 25, A Religion Without Ignorance.

April 1, A Religion Without Fanaticism. (Palm Sun.)

April 6, Good Friday Evening Dr. Bradley will preach at 8.

April 8, A Religion Without Defeat. (Easter Morning).

April 8, If I Only Had One Sermon to Preach (Easter Evening 8 p. m.)

The next Public Reception of new members will be held on Easter Sunday which falls on April 8 this year. Last year 102 members united on Easter Sunday. May we not have 150 new members this year? Kindly send your name and address at your earliest convenience to Mrs. Harrison, Secy., 941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago.

The pastor kept the following engagements during February:

Feb. 3, Address, Unitarian Church, Geneseo, Ill.

Feb. 5, Sermon, The Peoples Church, A. M.

Feb. 5, Address, Students' Discussion Group, P. M.

Feb. 6, Address, Woman's Club, P. M.

Feb. 6, Address, Laymen's League, evening.

Feb. 7, Address, Ravenswood Parent Teacher's Ass'n.

Feb. 8, Address, Dubuque, Ia.

Feb. 9, Address, Waterloo, Ia.

Feb. 10, Address, Teachers' Institute, Indiana, A. M.

Feb. 10, Address, Teachers' Institute, Indiana, P. M.

Feb. 11, Address, Teachers' Institute, Indiana, A. M.

Feb. 12, Sermon, Peoples Church.

Feb. 14, Address, Maywood, Ill.

Feb. 15, Address, Madison, Wisconsin.

Feb. 16, Address, South Bend, Indiana.

Feb. 17, Meeting Every Member Canvass at Church.

Feb. 19, Sermon, Peoples Church, A. M.

Feb. 19, Introduction, Maude Royden, P. M.

Feb. 20, Address, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Feb. 21, Address, Woodlawn Woman's Club.

Feb. 22, Address, Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

Feb. 23, Address, Kiwanis, Sheboygan. (Noon).

Feb. 23, Address, Sheboygan, (Evening).

Feb. 24, Meeting Every Member Canvass.

Feb. 25, Address, Michigan City, Indiana.

Feb. 26, Sermon, The Peoples Church.

Feb. 26, Sermon, Harvard Congregational Church.

Feb. 27, Address, Rogers Park Woman's Club.

Feb. 28, Temple Isaiah Men's Club.

Funerals

Feb. 6, Max R. Ross. Interment Rosehill.

Feb. 21, Ferdinand Steindal. Interment Graceland.

Feb. 24, Eleanor Pierce Eckels. Interment Oakwoods.

Feb. 29, Esther Merton Murphy. Interment Rosehill.

Weddings

Feb. 1, Clarence W. Whitston and Maude Louise Fyffe.

Feb. 18, James O. Bishop and Lois C. Walker.

Feb. 21, Norman J. Danner and Doris Perlet.

Feb. 25, Charles Darwin Reeder and Phyllis E. Johnston.

Feb. 25, Lewis B. Marsh and Dorothy J. Marsh.

Feb. 26, George Harrison and Josephine Graham.

Christenings

Feb. 1. Dorothy Jean Rebecca Shaw, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Shaw.

Feb. 26, George Jean Schroedter, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Schroedter.

For the second time Dr. Bradley has been invited by the Federation of Churches of Syracuse, N. Y. to be one of the Lenten Preachers in that city. Dr. Bradley will speak on March 20 and 21. The meetings are held in Keith's Theater. The evening of March 20 he will speak at Syracuse University and the evening of the 21st at the First Unitarian Church. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, Dr. Rufus M. Jones, Dr. John Haynes Holmes, Dr. Jas. Moffett, Dr. Stephen S. Wise, Dr. James Gordon Gilkie and Dr. Joseph Fort Newton are the other speakers.

On the evening of March 13 at 8 o'clock Dr. Bradley will speak in the church auditorium on "The Companionate Marriage." The lecture is given under the auspices of the allied organizations of the church. Admission fifty cents. The proceeds will be used for the purchase of 300 new chairs for Channing Hall.

A WORTHWHILE EUROPEAN TOUR

The North Shore News Company, (William Saunders, President), publishers our our magazine, The Liberal, is offering to its friends and circle of readers this summer the opportunity of a European Tour in collaboration with a long established, reliable tourist agency and in conjunction with the White Star Line. The tours leave Montreal, Canada, via the picturesque St. Lawrence Route, July 11 or June 30. The July 11 sailing features a 32 day tour visiting the scenic beauties of five countries at the low rate of $390.00; the June 30 sailing, a 37 day tour at $410.00, features Denmark, Berlin, and Dresden in addition to France, Germany, Belgium, Holland and England of the usual itinerary.

Reservations for these unusual tours, that combine the most in travel value with the minimum expense are now being received and space allotted in the order of application. All reservations are to be made to Miss Dittman, at The North Shore News office, telephone Rogers Park 0220, who will be glad to answer any questions or supply needed information.

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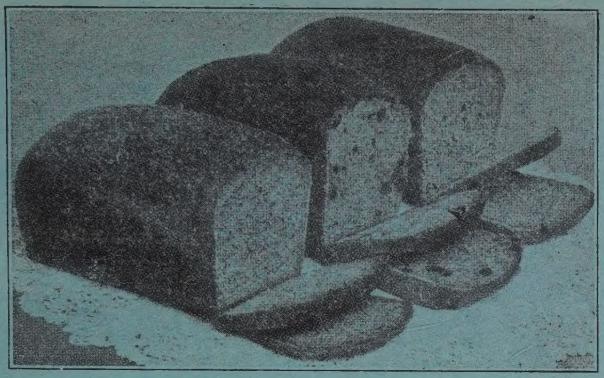

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